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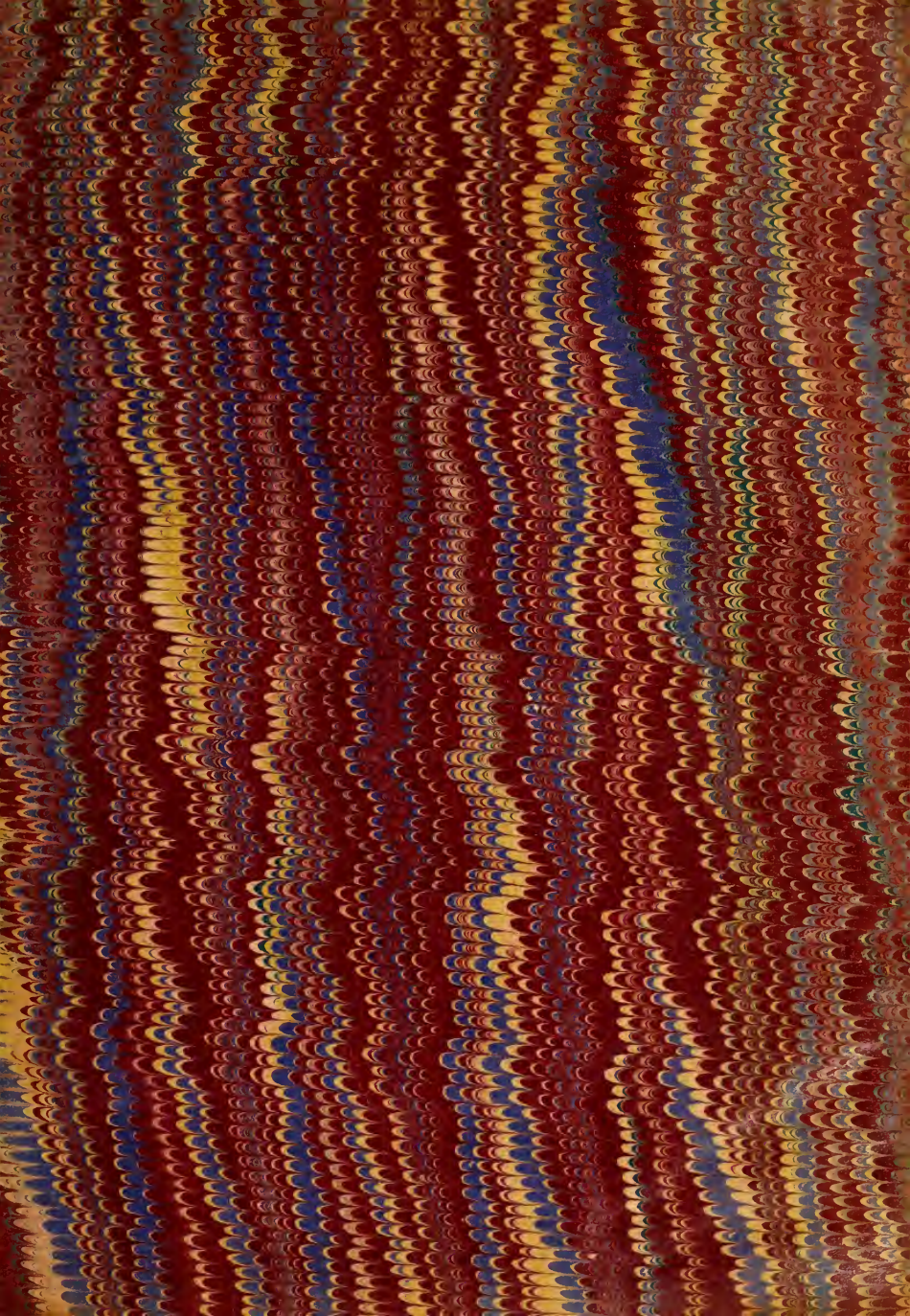

Voice of the Vale

VOICE OF THE VALE

A. R. Johnson

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PREFACE.

In presenting the collection of verse and prose contained in this little book, I do so solely for the gratification and by the request of immediate relatives and other valued friends. If they should be pleased, my object shall have been accomplished. I have endeavored to present candid, honest thoughts in a simple way, and neither ask nor expect credit for any literary achievement. There is not room on the heights for all. Realizing this, I am content to dwell in the vale below, where Nature bestows most bounteous blessings—where there is a peaceful calm; where the sweetest flowers grow: where the songs of birds are gayest; where the bonds of love grow stronger; where the breezes come so softly, and where the tiny rills creep onward to add their share to the vast, the mighty deep, but now and then stop to moisten the ground, which has given birth to the fairest and most fragrant of flowers, and to say that not one sprig of moss shall be ruthlessly torn from the banks of beautiful greeen. Hence, the "*Voice of the Vale.*"

A. R. JOHNSON.

Plattsburg, Mo , Dec. 25, 1893.

TO MY MOTHER,

MY DEAREST EARTHLY FRIEND,

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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THE WIND SHIFTED WEST.

'TWAS a winter's night that Jake Danton sat
Alone in his cabin—(save an old cat
That was lying asleep near by on the floor,
While a trusty old dog stood guard at the door.)
He was quietly eating his evening meal.
Yet quite often there would a smile steal
Across his rough, bearded, bronzed face,
Where Time, with its cares, had left its stern trace.

The meal being done, Jake poked up the fire,
And watched each blaze shoot higher and higher;
It seemed that it never burned so before—
It threw its bright light from ceiling to floor,
And lit up the walls, rough, dingy and old,
In brightest of colors, and kept out the cold
Wind that was blowing direct from the east,
Which augured much suff'ring for man and for beast.

Jake's strong, steady arms were supporting his head
As he puffed his old pipe and thoughtfully said:
"I've now been the West nearly three years"—
Then he raised his right hand to brush away tears
That sprang to his eyes and coursed down his face,
While his left from a pocket drew an old case:
"You're old and you're rough, but what you contain"—
He choked down a sob, but his tears fell as rain.

The cabin door rattled—the dog gave a growl,
And the wind whistling past continued to howl.
"Be quiet, old Tige; 'tis the wind shifting west;
Lie down and sleep; yes, your master knows best!"
Again the old dog laid down by the door,
But quickly got up and growled as before.
"Another growl? Then I will not contend
Against the plea of a trusty old friend."

Jake went to the door and opened it wide,
And the e'er watchful dog was close by his side—
Close by the side of his master so kind,
And cared not he for the cold, cutting wind,
Nor for the snow as it flew past the door,
Already fallen a foot deep or more,
"Phew!" quoth Jake; "the wind's mighty strong!
But come in, my old Tige—nothing's gone wrong."

Again Jake was sitting close by the fire,
While Tige at his post seemed never to tire,
The dog listened again—to his ears came a sound!—
Then he sprang to his master with one single bound,
And seemed to say plainly, "Master, let's go—
Go from our blazing fire into the snow!
Come, Master, come, or some day you'll rue it!"
Jake understood him, and said, "I will do it!

With gloves and fur cap, and overcoat warm,
Jake Danton prepared to face the wild storm,
While Tige looked up with joy in his eyes,
Seeming to say, "Master, you'll see I am wise
For having you leave that bright, burning log,
Though you are a man and I a poor dog!"
"I'm ready!" said Jake, (old Tige wagged his tail;)
"You take the lead and I'll follow your trail."

A moment more and the dog and master
Were out in the snow, which now fell faster
Than an hour before, while it was blown
By the fiercest wind that ever was known
To sweep o'er the desert, bleak, bare and wild
And kiss the frozen lips of man or child;
It could but laugh rudely as it passed by,
"Ha! ha! both man and dog have come to die!"

Tige stopt a moment, then pricked up his ears,
Which filled Jake's heart with hopes and with fears.
"Hark! Hark! What is that? A faint, wailing sound?
Some one is dying on the snow-covered ground!"
This much from Jake, then he gave the word, "Go!"
And on went the dog through the cold, drifting snow;
On moved Jake Danton, and on the dog ran
Till he stopt by the side of a half-frozen man.

In Jake's strong arms the cold form was lifted—
Cared not he for the cold snow drifted;
Though he was now acting the hero's part,
It was not from motive, but from kindness of heart.
The bright fire burned in the cabin near by,
While the clouds breaking 'way showed a blue sky.
"I'm glad," said Jake, "that the wind shifted west;
'Twas the dog, not I, this time, that knew best."

A few minutes more and Jake with his load
Was safely within his humble abode.
"A light gleams at last!" the man feebly said.
As he was laid gently down on a bed.
"Stranger, where am I?" the man asked at length
"Saved," Jake replied; "you're saved by my strength—
No! no! I forgot—the wind shifted west;
'Twas old Tige, not I, this time, that knew best!

"God bless my Old Tige, all praise be to you,
A knowing companion, good, faithful and true."
Thus saying he stoopt and caressed the old dog.
Then put on the fire another large log,
The light in the room shone bright as before,
And Old Tige laid down to sleep by the door:
The storm lulled without—the room warm and bright—
And Jake watched the man with heart free and light.

The sun shone bright the following morning,
Its glorious light alike adorning
The hill and the vale and the mountains grand,
Like the fabled stories of some far-off land,
Where the frozen snow and the lowing herds
And the fireside, bright and the song of birds
Enchant the soul of man with noble thought,
As he cries from his heart, "What God hath wrought!"

'T was thus the day with its trials began,
As Danton sit by the side of the man
Who were as nothing, but for the arm
That placed him in the cabin so warm,
And the dear, kind heart that watched thro' the night,
And kept the fire burning so warm and bright,
Seeking each want of the stranger forlorn
Till night was dispelled by glorious morn.

The stranger awoke, as the sun shone in
And caused the fire to grow weak and dim.
He looked at Jake with questioning eyes—
"Lie still and rest; 't was old Tige that was wise;
He told me last night when the cold wind did roar
That some one was dying not far from my door.
'T was old Tige and I that the wild storm braved;
Thank God that I went! Thank God you are saved!"

"Yes, I remember," the man feebly said,
"And but for you I would now have been dead."
Jake said, as he looked at Tige good and true,
"Give credit and praise to whom credit is due,"
"Then I thank the old dog for what he has done,
And I will weep for him when he is gone,
And most kindly think, 'mid joy and 'mid strife,
Of the dumb, knowing friend that once saved my life."

Then he gave old Tige a loving embrace,
As tears trickled down his honest, fair face;
He said not a word, for his grateful heart
Was thinking of the hour when he must part
With man and with dog, so kind and yet brave,
Who faced the wild storm in order to save
A stranger from death—a stranger unknown—
But the harvest is reaped as seed are sown.

A week passed by, yet the stranger remained—
Although quite recovered he'd been detained
By noble Jake Danton—kind hearted soul,
Who had ever sought the sad to condole.
He thought not of self, as many men do,
A friend to all men, friend good and true,
With dear, kind words in sickness or health—
The heart makes the man, but never does wealth.

"Dear friend," said the man, as he sat one night,
With kind Jake Danton at the fireside bright,
"To-morrow I'll leave, and yet I regret
To say good-bye, but I'll not forget—
Aye, more: in my heart you'll e'er be cherished,
Because but for you I would have perished
With scores of others that were that night slain
By the fierce storm as it swept o'er the plain.

"Perhaps you think I'm a man very queer,
I've not asked your name since I have been here,
Nor told you my own—I think of it now,
And request your name—mine being John Dow."
Jake thought a moment and then made reply:
"That I have been thoughtless I will not deny,
But Jake Danton tries to do do what he can
For the life and joy of a fellow man."

"So Jake Danton's your name? Now, tell me, I pray,
Why you alone in this cabin do stay?"
Jake Danton's breast began now to swell,
While tears to his eyes most freely did well.
"It is not because I'd aimlessly roam,
But for the love of my dear ones at home,
Who pray each night ere they sink to their rest
For me so lonely in the far-off West.

"I had bad luck in business back East
And couldn't pay debts, tho' I sold ever beast
I had on the place to meet the demands
Of those whom I owed; I worked with my hands,
And worked with my brains, but 'twas of no use·
I only received the worst of abuse
From those who knew me when the bright sun shone,
But when my luck failed I found they had flown.

"It is rather strange that such things should be,
You have plenty of friends in prosperity;
There is not a thing you will be refused,
Perhaps it is because you can be used
To help the rich in their villainous schemes—
They turn to waste our life. Hope's sweetest dreams
They love to blast; the widow's heart they break;
'Tis strange that money should such hard hearts make

"I had but six cow when I came out West—
A very small start, but it was the best
I could do; and I will patiently wait
And work as I've done, both early and late,
Till I have money to see my way clear,
Then I'll return to my loved ones so dear—
Return to my home and pay what I owe—
How drear are the days! I long now to go!"

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. John Dow,
"It was six thousand, but half as much now;
You see I have paid a thousand a year—
I've got the receipts all stowed away here."
To prove what he said, Jake opened a box
And on the floor fell two beautiful locks
Of waving, dark brown hair; "My child's" he said—
"My little girl's, who has long been dead."

Then with a look that was queer, sad and wild,
Jake buried his face and sobbed as a child
Whose heart had been wounded by some great grief,
And only in tears could find a relief.
"True, I have three others, but it is queer
That the sweet little hearts, to us so dear,
Are the first to leave us at death's command
To walk the bright streets of another land."

"Yes, kind friend, but 'twas Jesus' wise will,
Who bade the wild waves of the ocean, 'Be still!'
Who, when our days are sad, lonely and drear,
Bestows blessed love our sad hearts to cheer.
Here is two thousand dollars, my gift to thee,
For your protection and kindness to me;
Perhaps it will help in removing your cares,"—
"What! entertained an angel unawares?"

John Dow then arose and passed through the door
And left Jake Danton and Tige as before.
"Two thousand dollars! Why, surely I'm blest!
And all because the wild wind shifted west!"
Then noble Jake Danton thought of the day
When all of his debts he'd be able to pay—
Of the bright time when he would cease to roam
And go and dwell with the dear ones at home.

* * * Two years passed by—two years of hard toil
For poor Jake Danton, who tilled the rich soil
In addition to his kind, tender pains
To herds of cattle that now roamed the plains,
All bearing his brand, by honesty gained;
No longer was Jake in poverty chained,
As he sat by the fire with old Tige true
The night before bidding the cabin adieu!

"Thank God!" said Danton, "this exile is done!
The battle's been fought and the victory's won!"
Then he retired to seek rest for the night
And arose next morn with breaking daylight.
He was off o'er the plain, with gleeful rattle,
Driving to market his large herd of cattle,
When by chance into his heard there ran
Ten cattle owned by another man.

To 'cut out' the cattle, Jake tried in vain,
So on moved the herd o'er hill and o'er plain,
Jake tried and tried till all hopes was gone,
Then drove his herd and strays all along.
In Life's great battles there's oft things to vex us,
Though few of us drive wild steers from Texas;
It is of no use to tell you about them,
The deil's own imps would fail to rout them.

In the far west, in the wild, early days
There were very queer people who had very queer ways;
Now, if a man should be 'judged a horse thief,
He's akin to the rope as sickle to sheaf,
And many's the man that's died 'very queer;'
For stealing no more than a wild Texas steer,
This makes the chances of a thief quite slim
When in reach of a rope, a mule and a limb.

There are diamonds out West, tho' roughly they dwell,
As this tale's sequel most plainly will tell;
Gold does not glitter till brought from the ground,
Nor are rubies worn in sections where found;
Kind words of men are like gold in the earth,
Hidden and dormant till need gives them birth;
It is then that you find in the uncouth form
The heart that is gentle, tender and warm.

Jake Danton had crossed a clear, rippling brook,
And stopt to rest in a cool, shady nook,
When five men rode up and leaped to the ground,
One shouting: "At last the thief has been found!"
"Surrender, or die!" another one said,
While a third chimed in, "An ounce of cold lead
Would make rattlin' feed for the buzzards, an' quick!"
"No! he'd pass in his checks too all-fired slick!"

Jake Danton arose and bowed to the men,
Who in concert were threat'ning again;
The leader then said, "I guess you must hang
Like the rest of the black, horse-thievin' gang!
You stole them 'ar cattle down on the Crow,
An' so we will swing you, just for to show
That we mean bizness—we'll clean out the thieves,
And camp on the plains till every one leaves!"

Jake listened calmly, then said, "Gentlemen,
I own all that herd excepting the ten
That fell in with mine, six miles up the Crow;
I tried to 'cut them out,' but couldn't do so."
"Well, well, that is good, but then it won't work,
An' it won't hurt you to hang—just one jerk
An' you'll swing in the shade, so nice an' cool—
(Jim, tie the rope, an' lead up the mule."

The mule was brought up by cold-hearted Jim;
The rope was prepared and thrown o'er a limb,
Then roughly placed over Jake Danton's head,
Who calmly, yet hoarsely, to the men said,
"Five gentlemen before me I can now see;
How many are married?" "I am," quoth three,
"Then three of the five are surely blest,
Though they are at home, and you out West.

"I am married, too—I've a dear, darling wife,
And three rosy children—joys of my life—
I have a home, though 'tis humble and plain—
Not a mansion grand, with flower-strewn lane,
No chandeliers swing in large, brilliant halls;
No grand and rare pictures adorn its walls;
There's nothing within but hearts full of love
For those gathered 'round and God up above."

* * * Across the plains at the mightiest speed
There was riding a man on a foaming steed;
His eyes were bent far ahead on the plain—
One hand held a box; the other a rein.
He was closely following Jake Danton's trail:
"On! on! my dear horse! It won't do to fail!
But keep up your speed—you're doing well now."
(These words were spoken by a man named Dow.)

The captors of Jake stood silent, amazed,
As on came the man, as onward he gazed.
"By Jove!" said Jim, "do you see the dust roll?
If 'twant for the hoss, you'd think 'twas a whole
Band of wild cattle a stampedin' by—
Just look at him now, just see that hoss fly!"
"Perhaps I'll find a friend—a friend now in need,"
Tho't Jake as he looked toward the man and the steed.

'Twas thus that the men their action delayed—
(A single horseman their sentence had stayed)—
Anxious John Dow and his dark, foaming steed
Who dasl e l o'er the plain at mightiest speed—
But see! the horse falters! stumbles! aye falls!
No! strength is gained by his master's kind calls,
And onward he comes with clattering feet;
Only a horse, yet a messenger fleet.

On the face of John Dow was a clouded look
As he saw Jake's herd by the rippling brook,
And his burly captors standing around,
As if the vilest of thieves they had found.
Another moment and the horseman bold
Leaped o'er the rivulet clear and cold,
And sprang from his horse with sprightliest grace,
And smiling, radiant and bouyant face.

"While passing your cabin early to-day
I stopped and found you'd just gone away;
In looking around I espied this box—
(I knew you prized those beautiful locks.)—
So I mounted my horse—my darling old Bill—
And followed your trail o'er plain and o'er hill;
I saw you pursued—suspected a thief—
So I hastened along to offer relief.

"Open your box and show what it contains,
And you'll be wished God-speed o'er the plains."
Jake showed the receipts and locks of brown hair
And his wife's picture—surpassingly fair—
And read them her letters with moistened eyes;
They bade him look forward to unclouded skies;
They pictured bright days of unalloyed bliss,
And closed with the words, "Send baby a kiss."

The men stood dumb till the leader exclaimed,
"Them letters did the biz, or else I'm blamed."
"I thought," said Jim, as he sighed a relief,
"You was a queer man to be a horse-thief,"
Five sleeves passed over the eyes of five men,
And wiped away tears, numbering ten.
Jake grasped the hand of warm-hearted John Dow,
Who said, "You saved me once—you are saved now."

Jake's heart was full, but he said not a word;
"I'll tell you," said Jim, "let's buy all the herd!"
"Agreed! Just the thing!" exclaimed all the men,
"And before countin' we'll throw in the ten—
Them ten wild Texans that caused all the row;"
"It is all settled, why speak of it now?"
Said Jake Danton, to which Jim made reply:
"Because you want to sell and we want to buy!"

The money paid over, "good-byes" were said,
Every feeling of scorn having now fled;
Jake mounted his horse and was off o'er the plain,
Breathing the pure air of freedom again.
And when at home with the loved ones dear,
'Mid peace, and quiet and words of good cheer,
To the Giver of Good prayers were then given,
To Him who is ruler of earth and of heaven.

THE SEASONS

SPRING.

I SAW a little babe that nestled
Close upon its mother's breast;
Saw the mother's sweet face brighten
As she the little one caressed.

I saw the night-clouds gather thickly,
After the departed sun,
And heard the woman murmur, softly,
"I'm glad the day's work's done."

I saw the mother take the infant
To its little trundle bed;
Saw her kneel, as it was sleeping,
When her evening prayers were said;

Heard her whisper, "God, in mercy,
Keep my little one from harm;
Keep her, Savior, keep her ever
In Thy loving, gentle arm."

SUMMER.

THEN I saw a little maiden
As she tripped along the way;
Heard her sweet voice ringing gayly
On that cheerful summer day.

On she went o'er mount and meadow,
Up and down the flowery hill;
Then she stopped, in childish wonder,
By a clear and rippling rill.

I saw her in her woodland rambles,
Gath'ring flowers fresh and fair;
Saw her weave the choicest garlands
And nursing them with care;

Heard her shout in accents charming,
As she danced in merry glee,
"I'm as happy as the wild-flowers,
And I'm sure I'll always be!"

AUTUMN.

NEXT there came a pure young woman—
Not a cloud upon her face—
Not a sorrow nor discontentment
Could the artist's pencil trace.

She was fair as autumn's noonday
As she hastened to the beach,
There to find in untold measure
The hope and joy she fain would reach.

But as she neared the surging waters
And saw them dash upon the shore;
Heard them roar in hissing torrents—
(Sights she'd never seen before)—

Her strength gave way and she was carried
Far out upon the seething foam—
Far from friends and dearest kindred—
Far away from God and home.

WINTER.

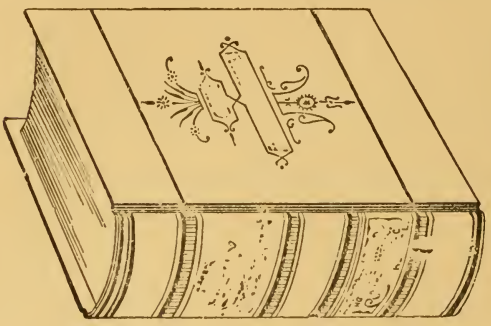
A WOMAN struggled on the billows;
Her face was haggard, weak and worn;
Her hair hung down in locks disheveled,
Her bleeding hands had torn.

She cried in anguish from the current,
As she'd often cried before,
For some help—a little kindness—
From those along the shore.

But, no! her weakened form grows weaker,
And no one heeds her cries;
The waves about her roll still higher
And darker grow the skies.

Soon she's dashed beneath the billows
Of the deep and angry sea—
Thus the ending of the maiden
Who would ever happy be.

TELL AGAIN THE STORY.



BROTHER, bring the old time Bible,
Place it gently on my breast;
Bring its soiled and crumpled pages
That mother's hands caressed.
Bring me, too, the hymn-book laden
With purest rays of hope divine;
Bring it quick, my life is fading,
Bring it now, while yet there's time.

Read to me the Bible's pages
E'er I'm placed beneath the sod;
Read to me of martyred sages—
Read of those who died in God.
Read again the life of Jesus—
Of his dying on the cross;
Tell me yet to die is gaining,
To live is naught but loss.

Tell me of His blessed promise—
Of the mansions built above;
Tell me of His gracious mercy—
Of His boundless, ceaseless love.
Tell again how Jesus suffered—
How He counted all but dross,
Save the Afterland's sweet mercy
And the glory of the Cross.

Tell me how the sacred pages
Reveal to us a God of love,
Who throughout the long-gone ages,
Bade us seek a home above,
Where we'll sing the songs eternal,
And with angel bands e'er be
In that land so bright and vernal—
In that blest eternity.

Let me hear again the story
Of the death on Calvary—
Of Jesus dying in his glory
To set all sinners free.
Tell me of His wond'rous triumph
In those hours so filled with pain:
How He died without a murmur;
How He 'rose and lives again.

Tell me how in God's great wisdom
There's naught but for the best;
Say again that those who trust Him
Find a home amongst the blest;
Speak to me once more of Jesus—
The meek the lowly Nazarine—
Let me profit from the teachings
Of His life, so sweet, serene.

When no longer I can hear you
Reading of the land sublime,
Let your voice peal forth in rapture
In the swelling words of rhyme.
Open once again the song book;
Sing old Coronation dear,
Shout the words of Watts and Wesley—
Blessed hymns of peace and cheer.

"'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus,"
"When the billows darkly roll;"
"Come to Calvary Holy Mountain,"
"That far away home of the soul."
"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"
"Rock of Ages Cleft for Me;"
"Blessed Savior may we ever
Follow, follow Thee."

"Is Not This the Land of Beulah!"
"Blessed Savior Comfort Me;"
"On the Rifted Rock I'm Resting,"
"Just as I Am Without One Plea."
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus;"
"I have suffered all but loss;"
"O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing,"
"Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross!"

Sing these songs, O, brother sing them
As we sang in days of yore,
Let me hear again their music
E'er I pass to yon bright shore.
Free the fetters! God, in mercy,
Take me home to dwell with Thee;
Take me in Thy arms, dear Savior—
Let me live eternally!

Thus is told the Christian's triumph,
Who throughout this vale of tears,
Has sought to find a home with Jesus,
There to dwell for endless years.
May the God of all e'er lead us
To that brighter world above,
Fold us in his arms and bless us
With his never-dying love.

'TIS WRITTEN ON THE SKY.

WHEN walking out at sunlight's fading,
Not many days ago,
I stopped to rest by a babbling brook
And listened to the flow
Of the water, as it hurried on
To mingle with the deep,
And wondered how many secrets
The little stream could keep.

I can entrust you with my thoughts—
In musing words I said—
Then I sat me down upon the bank
As the summer's twilight sped.
I listened to the lowing herds
That roamed the lovely dells,
And gazed upon the roses fair
And the tiny, sweet blue-bells.

So sweet, that summer evening,
It seemed without alloy,
And I at once was dreaming
Of nothing else but joy,
The marshes spread before me.
Were gardens fresh and fair;
The woods a fairy picture,
And incense filled the air.

A hundred dreamy fancies
Through my vision spoke;
I saw the beasts of burden
Freed from rein and yoke;
I saw the little lambs at play—
The tender, clinging vines;
And saw the many rural homes
Where love the heart entwines.

I saw the little children
In merry, childish glee;
I saw the loving father bowed
Upon his bended knee;
I saw the mother's fond caress,
And heard sweet infant prayers;
I saw the rich wheat garnered
And freed from chaff and tares.

I saw the children off to school,
And wondered why are they
So happy and so cheerful
Throughout the livelong day.
Then I thought that in this world—
This lovely home of ours—
That instead of plucking thistles
We all should gather flowers.

* * * *

I gazed aloft—the scene had changed!
Darkness hovered o'er me!
I could but gasp as I beheld
The scene that stretched before me!
In living colors, of varied tints,
And yet of deepest dye,
I saw the warning, dread but true,
"'Tis written on the sky!"

Money is King! Obey his laws!
Lest you, one and all,
Drink from the proffered, tempting cup
The dregs of bitter gall!
Money is King! He ruleth all!
Send forth the long, loud cry,
Drink from his cup— the only cup—
Drink, poor slaves, and die!

You have no rights, you toiling band,
That money should obey!
You seek a path from bondage?
We only point the way.
Follow on! Be yet our slaves!
And you will plainly see
That for you 'twas not ordained
Should breathe sweet liberty.

You've been our slaves these many years,
Why not remain so still?
Why break the ties that bind you yet
To money's stubborn will?
Why break the bonds that tie you down
To the humble minion's cell?
Why cry from out your hiding-place—
The depths of earthly hell?

We've seen your children clothe in rags
And loved ones bathe in tears!
We've seen you wrecked and cast aloof
From happy, by-gone years!
We've seen you swept adown the stream
In the whirling, ceaseless foam!
We've seen you shiver in the cold,
And seen you robbed of home!

We've seen you weep—shed bitter tears—
And to anguish driven!
We've seen distress come to your home—
Your only earthly heaven!
We've seen your mourning, dying wives
And weeping children cry!
We've seen you drain our proffered cup—
'T WAS WRITTEN ON THE SKY!

* * * *

Clouds swept o'er—the scene had changed
A little child appeared;
'T was dressed in royal robes and sang
Of ease where it was reared.
It told of care and comforts blessed—
Of every want supplied—
And of complaints of poverty
It questioned—e'en denied.

Swift clouds swept by! Thunder clashed!
And lightning rent the sky!
A babe crept out, and sought in vain
A mother's lullaby!
The current strong went winding on
To the mighty ocean deep;
No soothing song would it prolong
To lull that babe to sleep.

No, no! it cried! Why should it cry?
Was it of equal birth
With those who seek, through strategy,
To own one-half the earth?
Is it to toil and travel on,
And life's great burden bear,
And close the door of the pinched and poor
And die in silent prayer?

O, God, for justice to all mankind!
O, hear the piteous call!
Bring peace and comfort to the hosts
And equal rights to all!
Let freedom ring from every height—
When indeed we're free!
Let the echo sound in vales
And spread from sea to sea!

Then will justice be complete;
Then will one and all
Be freed from chains of poverty—
Be freed from dregs of gall!
Then will the people stand enthroned
And the nation of the earth
Give praise to those who nobly fought
To gain the rights of birth!

Musings

—‡—‡—

HOW often in life do we
sit down and wonder
If beautiful flowers are
never to fade?
If loveliest sunshine, by
dashes of thunder,
Is to turn into darkness and shade?
If bright hours of childhood—O, dear, happy days—
Of their sweet pleasures none ever can tell;
Their gambols, and sports, and innocent plays—
But now we must bid them, forever, farewell!
We wonder from whence all happiness comes;

If some Fairy Land holds it in store?
If it is heralded from gold-crystaled domes
To heal up the hearts that are weary and sore?
We wonder, till tired, then sink down to rest,
Dreaming sweet joys are on every breeze blown,
Or of the dear ones whom we love best,
Or maybe of friendships long faded and flown.
Thus we keep thinking and no wiser growing
As we drift out upon life's great sea,
As helpless as chaff before the wind blowing,
Which may scatter good seed, tho' chaff it may be.
'Twas ever through life the world has thus willed—
That sorrow and gladness must always be blend-d,
So our complainings will never be stilled
Till we meet "over there" when life's journey 's ended.

My Child is Dying at Home.

DOWN the mountain on the pathway
Came a horeman swift and fleet;
Came the horse in ceaseless dashing
On its clattering, nimble feet.

On the face of the man was pictured
Every evidence of care,
Such as on a noble hero
Who would fain to do and dare.

O'er the streamlet dashed the rider,
Which had ne'er been crossed before,
And he leaped with hurried movements
At our humble cabin door.

"I am weak and worn and weary,
And with all my strength I'm trying
To reach that humble little cottage
Where my darling child is dying."

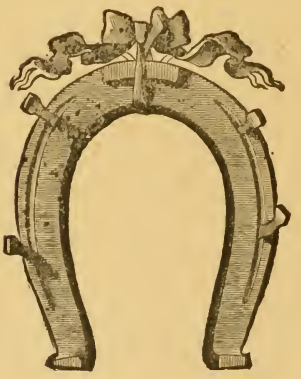
"I am hungry," said the stranger,
"Can you give me bread to eat?
Quickly! quickly! don't detain me—
For my darling I must meet?"

"You are welcome to our cabin,
Come, partake, gain strength and ride;
And may God give you courage
'Till you reach your darling's side.

"We have a little bill of fare—
'Tis coffee, pork and beans—
'Tis served to comers in our way—
Not dished in fine tureens."

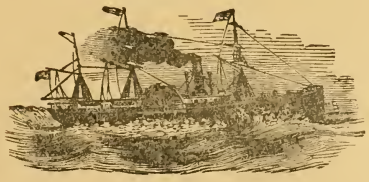
The stranger ate the wholesome meal
Then on his way went flying
To meet the lovely little one,
Who on a bed of pain was lying.

As he passed far down the meadow,
As he vanished from our sight,
I whispered with all reverence:
"God grant he'll reach his home to night."



MOCK MISERY.

LET fall the burning words—
Let laughter have its sway—
Let passion rule, if rule it must,
And true love turn away.
Life is but a passing thing,
Soon fires will cease to burn,
Frail form will fall and mingle with
Those who to dust return.
But I must linger on and on—
See others glad and gay—
While I in misery must dwell
Till one grand judgment day;
Then a reckoning will come
And justice rule on high;
Then many a poor mortal
Will wish that he were I.



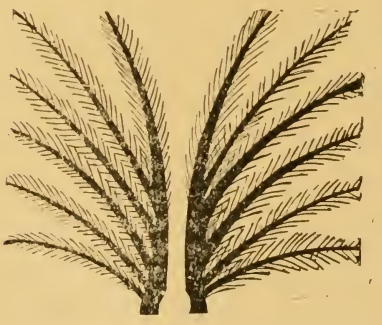
ARBOR DAY.

RING loud the bells and usher in
The date the growth of trees begin.

Let children quit their careless play
And culture trees on Arbor Day.

Let beauty spread our landscape o'er;
Let every one plant one or more.

Come! move on! or clear the way
For those who love sweet Arbor Day.



The Modern "We Are Seven."

I MET a little factory girl—
She was eight years old, she said—
"I toil from early morn till night
To earn our daily bread."
"Pray, little one," I said to her,
"How can a child like you
Gainsay that you must labor
As only men should do?"
She looked at me with wond'ring eyes,
And raised her face toward heaven;
"I'll tell you, sir," she softly said,
"Because of us there's seven."

"What do you mean, dear child," I asked—
She quickly made reply:

"We are seven in all," said she,
"Tho' two were doomed to die—
Decreed to die of grief and want
In homes of cheerless fires,
In cities grand of this great land,
In shadows of church spires.
They passed out from this life of ours
And sought a home above,
Where we are told there's never want,
But all is peace and love.

"Thus five were left to battle on
And do as mamma said,
To 'cheer the living every day,
Forgetting not the dead.'
There's Joey, dear, the crippled boy,
The oldest of the seven,
He cannot work—he is too weak,
And only fit for heaven.
There's little Nell—the dear, sweet girl—
She totters to and fro
While caring for the baby—
Our darling little Flo.

"So Kate and I, from day to day,
Toil on as best we can
In the dark and gloomy factory
To do the work of man.
'Twould not be hard as people think,
When cheered by words of love,
To work for brothers here below.
And loved ones gone above.
If we could get fair wages
We'd work and never tire,

And bless the words of Christ, who said,
'The laborer's worth his hire.'

"But we are given just enough—
(The rich men call it 'pay')—
To keep the body moving
And work from day to day,
With scarce a fire upon our hearth,
While chandeliers shine bright
Within the homes of greedy rich—
Doth God ordain it right?
Methinks, kind sir, the Lord of all—
The God of earth and heaven—
Will grant a welcome place above
And re-unite our seven."

THE WANDERER'S REGRET.

YES, stranger, I'm hungry as mortal can be;
I'm hunting and hunting some light now to see;
I've been hungry for bread and meat sometimes,
When I've blowed in my dollars and nickels and dimes
For bad and worse whisky, for beer and for gin;
You say 'twas a shame—I say 'twas a sin.

But it ain't that that's vexing me now,
It's a fierce and mad burning, and I cannot tell how
To get rid of the feeling that's bursting my veins—
Sending wild thoughts thro' my hot, burning brains;
No moment of rest, nor a moment of peace—
E'er hoping and striving to secure my release.

I remember years back when my dear mother knelt
At my bedside and prayed to dear Jesus who felt

Pity and compassion for his erring ones here
And bade them ascend to that heaven so dear;
But you see I neglected to follow advice
And drifted away into sorrow and vice.

First 'twas inviting and a glittering light
Shone e'er round the wrong but never the right;
So I sought pleasure—I clutched at the bowl,
Which ruined my body and mortgaged my soul.
It is a great debt and I fear I can't pay
Though I live to the time of the Great Judgment Day.

I've heard the bells chime in the grandest church towers,
I've heard the good pray and passed many hours
In churches and chapels, at noontide, at night,
And tried e'er to steer for the Island of Right.
But it was of no use. so I drifted away,
And thus a poor sinner you see me to-day.

I've tried oftentimes to forget how to think,
Besotting my brains with the death-dealing drink,
Bringing new pains and forgetting all friends
'Tis the old, the old story, and always thus ends:
Respect all forgotten, and honor the same,
Glorying in filth and rejoicing in shame.

Downward, aye, downward, how fast turn the wheels!
How wretched my body and how my brain reels!
Good-bye to old friendships! good-bye to them all!
Good-bye to dear days I ne'er can recall!
Good-bye to ambition, bright visions and dreams!
They've floated far down despair's murky streams!

I've heard of dear Jesus, who on the cross died,
Who suffered for all, (the dear crucified,)

And often I think He would help even me—
Would shield my poor body and set my soul free—
If only I'd come and wander no more
On the cold, shifting sands of a desolate shore.

And so I'll pray Jesus to come to me now
And ask Him to help me if He'll only tell how
A poor sinner may live in a home after this—
A home of sweet comfort, bright sunshine and bliss,
Where angels e'er sing on the bright, shining strand
And glorify God in the Great Afterland.

TO DESPONDENT SINNER.

GO to Jesus, seek no more,
He alone stands at the door,
He alone can let you in
And free your heart from care and sin;
He alone can set you free,
And give to you sweet liberty.
Go at once—do not delay—
And trust in Him to point the way.

Just a word and Jesus will
Your aching heart with rapture fill.
Remove your doubts, your needless fears,
Check your weeping, dry your tears;
He will your every effort bless,
Give peace and joy and happiness,
Fill your heart with purest love
And fit your soul for heaven above.

Family Reunion

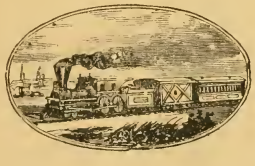
WE meet, dear hearts, to celebrate—
We do not meet for tears—
'T is thus we should commemorate
The kindly passing years.
Let 's sing the sweetest songs to day
And every one most happy be;
Let our hearts be glad and gay—
We've met this side eternity!

In love's fond grasp we hold the hand
Of a sister or a brother,
And see in age so proudly stand
Our father and our mother.
Time with them has been most kind,

More kind than e'er were we;
But doubts and fears we leave behind,
And meet this side eternity!

Our father's reached three score and ten,
'Mid scenes of doubts and fears—
He would not live them o'er again—
Those dark, uncertain years.
There's a better life with God above
For Christians such as he,
Tho' now we meet him here in love—
Far, far this side eternity!

The Spring, the Summer, Autumn passed,
Then flowers, fruit and grain;
No season could forever last—
No pleasure without pain.
But let our hearts be light to-day,
And join in merry glee,
And let the young meet old and gray
Again this side eternity!



Just Fifteen

"JUST fifteen to-day," they told me,
And in thy beauty I behold thee.
Lively, quiet or serene;
Free and happy, blythe and gay,
Throughout the livelong, happy day—
Lovely maiden—just fifteen!

I'll ne'er forget the happy days,
When, in youth's wild roundelays,
I've most happy been—

And plucked the fairest, sweetest flowers
In the lovely, shady bowers,
With fair maidens—just fifteen!

Now I see your face so fair,
Your rosy cheeks and waving hair,
As fair as any queen—
Your peerless form and eyes so bright,
The vision of my heart's delight—
Charming maiden—just fifteen!

May thy heart, dear maid, grow lighter,
May thy eyes be even brighter—
And they will, I ween—
May thy cheeks be sweet and fair,
May thy heart be free from care
When thou art just twice fifteen!

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! without thee life
were a burden—
A dreary, desolate waste—
And this existence a wanton de-
struction
Of God-given powers.
Liberty! enthroned amongst the
monarchs
Of all enlightened nations—
How fair to behold!
'Twere thou who first gave us life,
And made us men—strong, noble men—
If but to thee we were true.
Yet, oftentimes, when in bondage bound,
We seek for rest and shade and ease;
'Tis but to thee we need appeal
To be set free from every monster vile,
And feel that we indeed are men,
Who dare to do as conscience tells,
And fight the battles of adversity with a calm
reserve,
And win our way to a glorious destiny
That awaits all who dare to do.
Yet how proud we grow, and loathe thy name—

Oh, fy! for shame! But 't is our nature;
And who doth Nature's laws confound?
The knave, or fool, or bonded slave
Hath not such presumption held.
All Nature says we should be free,
Born in freedom, and Liberty maintain
At whatever cost;
For 'tis all of life to know that we
Are not slaves to any vice,
Or to the dictations of man or men,
When wielded for our ill.
Far better that we bravely fight,
And in fighting nobly die,
Than yield one might to trivial things
That bring contentions and strife,
And petty bickerings that bring
Naught but sorrow and make us slaves,
Not men—strong-minded men—
Such as are needed at all times,
And yet are so hard to find.

USELESS REGRET.

Sunset called for shadows that crept along the way—
Called for peace and comforts lost and chances swept
away—
Called for hours of childhood, when all was bright and
fair,
And I was happy all day long in knowing naught of
care;
When all was bright and beautiful throughout each
passing day—
Blessed peace and comfort, why should they flit away?
Why all this ceaseless toiling? Why should we ever
roam?
Why not give up our wandering when duty calls us
home?

Thus I felt at eventide of the day that just had passed;
I felt that love and happiness could not always last;
I thought of long-passed childhood's bright and happy
hours,
When in the shady wildwood we plucked the fairest
flowers.
But dear, sweet dreams have passed from out this busy
life,
And we are called to mingle in the toil and daily strife,
With the countless, crowding millions who live but for
to-day
And onward move without a thought of chances swept
away.

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

PROLOGUE.

THE little child of one of the poor miners had died. The larder was empty and there was no money in the miserable hovel that Julian Moore called home, and for want of proper food and attention, the little one had winged its way to a brighter and better land, where justice only is known, and the pangs of hunger never come. But it left behind it the dear ones who must yet endure starvation's plague. Other miners, equally as poor as he who must part with the treasure of his household, gathered around the fireless hearth and vainly offered solace to the bleeding hearts. A few rough and discarded boards were converted into a rude box, and in this the little, cold form was carried to the silent city, upon the shoulders of the once strong and hardy miners, but now, emaciated and trembling, they grew weaker still under their slight but precious burden. They, too, had loved ones dying at home from cold and hunger, and well knew the extent of the suffering of Julian Moore and his family. It was a sad scene to witness: Those tottering, trembling, almost palsied, men, women and children, bowing their heads, and with

throbbing hearts, paying their last humble but sincere tribute to the little one, whose once merry voice, and smiling face, and pattering feet, and silvery laughter, gave love, and light, and warmth, and hope, in a quiet cottage home. A sweet, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl of seven summers was clinging to her weeping mother's tattered garments. When her little brother was lowered into his cold bed of clay and the clods fell heavily upon the boards above him, the child sobbed: "Mamma, let's go home! Brother is gone, and I'm so hungry! Do get me something to eat!" The pleading child was taken home. But who can estimate the agony of that weeping mother as she realized she could not alleviate the hunger of the dear little one who was yet spared her? Surely, none but Him who graduates the scale that weighs humanity!

JAMIE AND JEANIE.

THE uncertain light of a pale moon crept in between the rough chinkings of the cabin and revealed a man kneeling beside a couch on which lay the emaciated form of a woman. Her eyes were wandering listlessly around the miserable hovel, yet she moved not her head. She was very weak. Her face bore a spirituel expression. Her dark-blue eyes were of heavenly beauty, and the half parted lips showed teeth of pearl. With regular features and her light-brown hair falling in massss over the pillow, where rested her weary head, she was the picture of purity, beauty and innocence."

"Sleep, sweet lass; sleep, an' forget the pangs o' hunger. May the good God above forgive me for havin' brought you to this!"

These words were uttered by Jamie McKenzie as he now knelt beside his beautiful wife, who was rapidly failing, and with whom he felt he must soon part.

Two years ago Jeanie Hardman was the belle of Orangedale. She was reared in luxury and was the pet of the family. Her father was a banker and had at his command unlimited means. But she loved Jamie McKenzie and promised to be his wife. An irate father pro-

tested against the union, but love prevailed, and Jamie and Jeanie were married. They then went out into the hard, cold world to fight the battles of life the best they could.

It was true, Jamie was only a poor coal miner, but his unbounded love for his beautiful wife, his tender care, "in sickness and in health," fully repaid the beautiful flower he had culled from society's midst for the sacrifices she had made.

"Sleep?" Jeanie said. "Yes, I shall soon sleep! But, Jamie, I do not want to leave you! I know you will be lonesome! You love me, lad! Come nearer—and kiss me!"

Jamie stooped and kissed the beautiful pale lips that were upturned.

"Do not speak, dear lass, of leaving me! It breaks my heart! Oh, darlin', what have I done that I should be punished as I am? I have tried to be kind to you, lass, but I might have been kinder."

"No, Jamie; no man could have been more considerate than you. Your devotion has brought to me more happiness than the wealth of worlds could possibly have done."

"No, lass, I have only brought you misery."

He bowed his head and tears fell thick and fast, wetting the pallid cheeks of his suffering wife.

"My misery and suffering will soon be over," Jeanie said, "because I shall soon go to a land where all is peace and joy."

Jamie wept aloud, and his wife feebly raised her arms and placed them around his neck.

"Do not weep, dear Jamie; you will not have to wait long before you can come to me, and then we shall

be happy again—happier even than we have been here."

"No! no! Darlin' lass, I cannot, will not, part with you! It is true I am crippled, and for months have not been able to move out of this room, but the world is wide, an' you, my darlin', my own, swee', darlin' lass, shall not starve! I'll go, hobbie, crawl, but that you'll have a bite to save your precious life!"

"Do not leave me, Jamie," she said, plaintively, "to die alone. I want you here, darling, to hold my hand while I step across!"

"No, lass, you shall not die. This accursed monopoly! They ground us down! They made servants of us; then slaves, paupers! They reduced us to beggary, starvation, death! By the Eternal, I swear—

"Hush, darling; blame no one. Love is still in our hearts. Of this alone let us speak as we separate—forever."

She spoke calmly and her eyes poured forth oceans of love for him for whom she had forsaken all the luxuries of life and showed that she was content to die upon her hard bed of straw if only his gentle arm supported her head as she breathed the parting breath of life.

"But it's more, lass, than I can stand. The company has denied me work. When I was injured in the mines I was promised a situation as soon as I was strong enough to work, where I could earn enough to keep you and myself in our humble home. This has been disregarded. I would have been willin' to crawl to the mine, to work on my hands and knees for your own dear sake, but they would not let me. They prefer Chinese an' give 'em work, while you, poor darlin', are dyin' for want of bread?"

"What is that, Jamie?"

"It's the Chinamen, lass. Some boss or head man has come an' they are givin' him a reception. Just think of the money they spend in such revelries as this, dear. It would keep us for a year an' we could have plenty to eat and we could help others. For months we've been denied work. If those who are able to go to the mines were permitted to do so we would not be suffering, for the miners are kind-hearted and are always willing to render assistance. But you must sleep, precious lass, till morning, an' then I'll get you something to eat, dear. You know to morrow will be Thanksgivin'. The rich will have many good things that they'll throw away. When I see the servants carryin' the waste out I'll just ask 'em for it."

"Maybe, Jamie, you won't have to ask for crumbs. Sometimes, on Thanksgiving day, the rich share their plenty with the poor. They carry it to them for charity. Let us hope."

She could not speak more being utterly exhausted, and closed her eyes. She was soon asleep.

A cloud passed over the moon and all was darkness. Jamie hid his face in his hands and wept bitterly. "Hope? hope?" he moaned, "if I only could hope."

It seemed that the waters of life had almost run their course for Jamie and his lovely wife, for whom he had ever the kindest solicitude. Clouds of adversity that had gathered, thickened, blackened day by day, had finally burst in all their fury and sent their pitiless storm down upon the heads of Jamie and Jeanie, two as loving hearts as were ever united together to share the joys and sorrows of life.

The first year of their married life was indeed a happy one. Jamie was strong and hearty and was

ever kind and gentle to Jeanie. He went daily down into the mines so gloomy, dark and dismal, to dig the "black diamonds." But he went cheerfully, carrying with him a fervent kiss from the pure, sweet lips of his darling little wife, and every stroke of the pick was one of love. When his work was done for the day, begrimed with smoke and dust, he would hasten toward his home and was sure to meet Jeanie before he reached it. She would present her pure, pink lips for the welcome kiss, and Jamie would say:

"Bless your sweet face, lass, 'twould be a pity to blacken it with coal dust."

"I can wash my face, Jamie, as you do yours," she would insist. "Just one little black spot on my lips, dear, so I'll look like you."

And so the lips of Jeanie duly received the "little black spot." Then they would walk home, the little wife chatting merrily and lovingly, and Jamie would forget that he had grown tired during the day. Such suppers, too, that Jeanie would have spread upon the pure, white tablecloth! It seemed to Jamie that no man was so blessed as he with such a treasure for a wife.

But one day Jeanie went at the accustomed time to receive the welcome "little black spot upon her lips," but Jamie did not come. She waited for an hour and still he did not appear. Her heart grew faint, for she knew that Jamie would not linger a moment after the work was done without a cause.

She moved nearer the entrance of the mine and heard a man say in earnest, sorrowful tones:

"Steady, lads, or you'll kill the boy!"

With measured tread four miners emerged, carrying

a bruised and bleeding form.

"Tell me, sirs, tell me is my Jamie dead?" cried Jeanie, her face as pale as death.

"No, lass," one of the miners replied. "He's only badly hurt. Calm thyself lass; he won't die."

Jeanie stooped and received the little black spot on her lips, but Jamie did not known it, for he was unconscious. Thus he was carried home, the sufferer from the premature explosion of a blast, which was to make him a cripple for life.

Through many a long, dreary night the little hands of Jeanie cared for him with the tenderness and love that is only given to woman.

Months passed and it was known that Jamie must ever be a cripple. The money he had saved was exhausted and they could only rely on the charity of the miners, who were ever ready to give assistance.

But a time came when this support failed them. On the second of September a riot occurred between the white miners and the Chinese employed in the mine, the latter being run out of town by the miners who had been driven to desperation by the unjust discrimination of the company in favor of the Chinese, which so depreciated labor that their families could barely subsist. The corporation secured the interference of the military and the Chinese were brought back and reinstated in the mines, but the white miners were refused employment, and from poverty they were reduced to destitution and starvation.

At the time of this sketch there were hundreds on the verge of starvation. Half-clad women could be seen moving hither and thither, searching for the refuse from the table of the wealthy to keep their little ones,

who were very dear to them, from starving. Some had even been compelled to lay their precious ones away in the grave, they dying for the want of food and attention. Strong men with willing hands could not obtain work and were reduced almost to skeletons.

Weeping women and children huddled around fireless hearths on this evening and refused to be comforted.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Again the moon threw its light into the cabin and Jeanie awoke.

"Jamie!" she called.

He awoke from his reverie and kissed his wife.

"Yes lass, I'm here."

"I had such a beautiful dream, Jamie. I thought you were strong and well again; that you were at work in the mines. I went to meet you as I used to, Jamie, and I was so happy, darling. Then we came home to supper, Jamie, and had ever so many nice things to eat. I feel stronger now that I have slept. I will hope for to-morrow, Jamie. I feel that relief must come."

Patient, trusting woman, you shall not be disappointed. There is yet charity in the world, and it usually comes from the source least expected.

"Rest again, lass, and as soon as morning comes I'll go out and see if I can get something for you to eat."

There was silence again in the cabin.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful. The sun kissed the snow-clad mountains, lit up the hills and cast its light into the deep, dark gorges.

Jamie arose, kissed his wife and bade her be cheerful. He hobbled from the cabin upon his crutches. He

had traveled but a short distance when he observed a man running toward a group of miners who were in earnest conversation. The man shouted:

"Relief! Relief!"

"What is it, lad?" asked the miners in concert.

"Provisions are coming from abroad!"

"Do you know this, lad?" doubtingly inquired one of the miners.

"Yes, it's true; and more, too. Our wives and little ones are to be clothed! The train is coming now and we can on this day be truly thankful."

"God be praised!" fervently exclaimed Bill McAuley.

To which there was a responsive and earnest 'Amen!'

When Jamie heard this he almost forgot that he was lame and weak and in pain. He made all haste back to his cabin Entering he fell upon his knees at the bedside of his suffering wife.

"Bear up a little bit longer, lass! Relief is coming! We'll have meat and bread to-day! Good people are sending us food and clothing!"

"Can it be true, Jamie?"

"Yes; hark! Hear the train! Relief, thank God, is here!"

"God bless the givers!" murmered Jeanie, as she clasped her white, slender hands

Who shall doubt but that this prayer was registered in heaven to the credit of those providing succor?

Many tears were shed in the village, but they were tears of joy, praise and thanksgiving. And many who had forgotten for years to thank the Giver of all Good for His tender mercies, knelt in fervent prayer.

The lullabys that Mother sang,
That o'er my baby cradle rang;
True-love's words—they ripple yet
In memory's grasp—I'll ne'er forget.
Time will not their sounds efface,
Nor yet obscure my mother's face.
They linger in their force sublime—
Grow stronger with the passing time.

True-love's vow—the cheering word
That in my heart all action stirred,
And bade me hope and onward move
Until I could devotion prove;
Sublimest touch, the sweetest chords—
Unspoken vows—the silent words—

Which bind for aye the heart to heart
Till death alone the lovers part.

The songs that Jesus sang on earth
To all mankind of every birth—
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Find peace above forevermore;
The songs to God my soul has thrilled,
And every doubt and fear have stilled;
Forgiveness yet—the gates ajar
To all who seek that land afar!

SHORT SERMONS.

Whither are you drifting, my boy? Can you answer? The landing place of driftwood cannot be foretold by the most far-reaching imagination. If so, how much less can be correctly surmised of the human branch, when caught in the onward current, though ever ready to catch at a distant ripple, tarry a moment at every eddy, or give a careless and unconcerned laugh while gazing into some treacherous and dangerous whirlpool? The smallest grain of sand occupies its

place in the desert, which it helps to make, or adds one mite and assists in building a mighty barrier against which the wild throbs of the ocean shall beat for ages, without visible effect, as generation after generation pass away. In drifting, my boy, endeavor to occupy a place among the other driftwood, however little your presence may affect them. If you cannot dwell on the heights, why, surely, no one will object to your existenee in the vale below If a pebble should be loosened from the highest peak no one will for a moment contend that it is not entitled to a home at the mountain's base. The loveliest vales, the sweetest flowers, the moss covered banks, and the rippling, cooling streams are not on the heights.

Trust friends if you must, but first trust yourself.

Remember that silence very seldom makes blunders.

If you profess a friendship, fulfull the pledge at whatever cost.

Gain the love of some pure woman and you have not lived in vain.

If you cannot pluck flowers on the mountain tops, gather them in the vale.

Honor is preferable to great wealth. Do right, even should the world protest.

Reply upon your mother's religion; believe as she believes. She is the last one on earth to lead you astray.

Do not deceive. This the the worst thing you can do. Heart-pangs may come when it is too late to make atonement.

Bear in mind that where the thorns grow the thickest are found the loveliest flowers. Avoid the thistles and pluck the blossoms.

Never take a decided stand upon any question until you know you are right. When this is done, never give in under any circumstances.

Whatever you do, see that it is well done. If you only clean a gutter, do it in such a way that it will be admired by the passers-by.

Learn something each day, however little it may be. It is the small things, my boy, that make up the great bundle of life. Don't forget this.

Keep near the shore until your barque is strong enough to stem the tide, then launch forth fearlessly and take your chances with the thousands whose lifeboats have sped away.

You know that the sand hills, at a distance, look inviting, but when you reach them all is waste. So it is in life. Where are seen the very brightest faces are found the saddest hearts.

You had better be honest than a hyprocrite. The mantle of gauze thrown around hypocracy will at sometime be penetrated. Be truthful, careful and conscientious. This is what the world asks of you.

The moth circles 'round and 'round the candle till its wings are singed. Steer clear of the, apparently, brilliant things of life, live for the benefit of your fellowmen, and when all of life is over you may rest in peace.

Remember that there are hypocrites in the world. During your journey you will meet many of them. You

will also meet honest people who will extend to you a helping hand, if you are deserving, but it is far better that you help yourself.

Do not form too many friendships, because humanity is weak and fickle; but if you find a true friend don't desert him in a time of need. If anyone does you a favor, appreciate and remember it: if an injury, forgive it—and forget it, if you can.

Don't be deceived. Reply upon yourself and don't expect anyone to hold you up. Advice is cheap, and you will find many who are willing to urge you to action, but you are the only motive power, and if you succeed you must open the throttle and go ahead.

See here, my boy, you are starting out early in life, just like all boys do. It is natural for boys to have a starting point. You have yours. Try to obey the laws of Nature, the laws of the country in which you live, do right by your fellow men, and you will prosper. If you don't do these things you will probably run against a snag.

Thousands of people have been stranded upon the sea of life for a lack of courage. When adversities overtake you say that you will overcome them, and say it with a vim. Stand firm, and if anyone should say there is not room for you, tell them that you will make room, and be sure that you do it. This is a branch road leading to the great railway of Success.

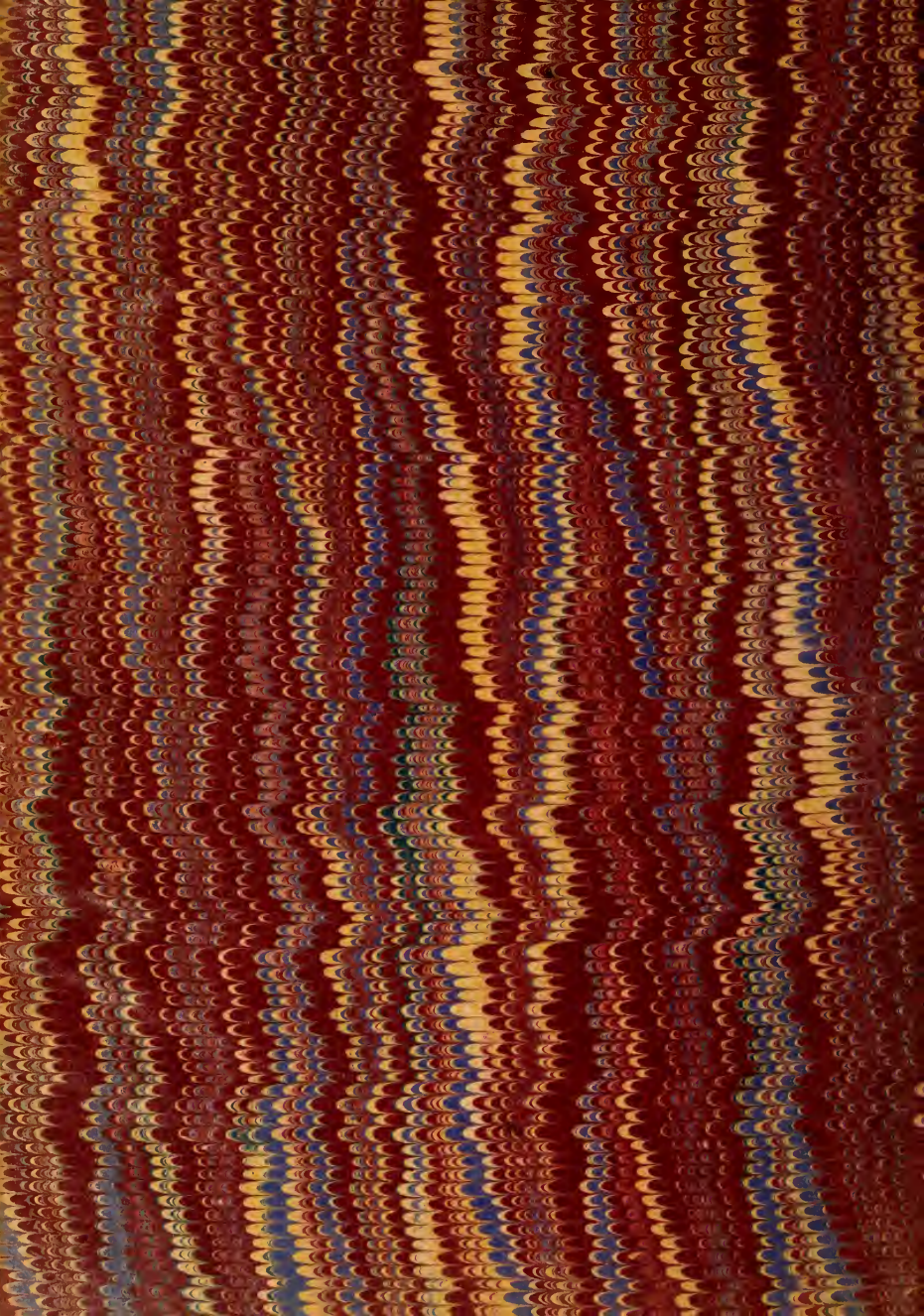
Time's Last Offering

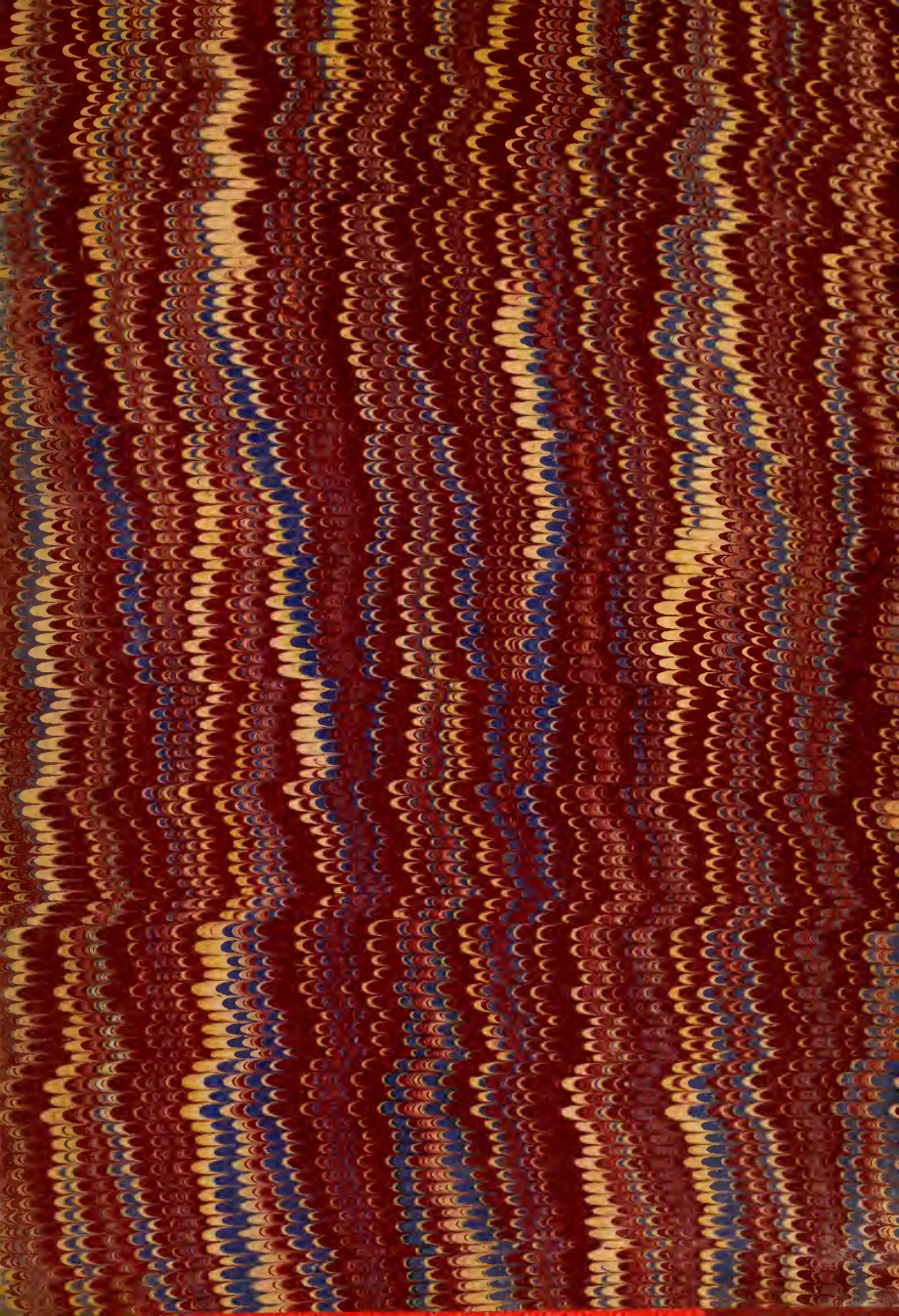
TIME'S last offering—new-born light—
A precious gift, this New Year bright!
The last year gone—its strife and cares
Buried with all former years,
While this, a brighter day appears
To guide, we trust, our steps aright—
A precious gift, this New Year bright!

All hail! the happy, sweet New Year!
It comes with comfort, peace and cheer!
  It says to all, "New laurels win;
  Free yourselves from dross and sin:
  This day a better life begin."
Thus the unctions, sweet and dear,
Time's last offering—bright New Year!

Time folds his wings and speeds along,
Yet leaves with us the happy song:
  We are children on the way,
  Seeking an eternal day
  In that land so far away,
Free from toil, and care and wrong—
Where angelic hosts belong.

May we ever, onward move
And by our every action prove,
  Ourselves devoted, brave and true,
  Lay by the old, take up the new,
  And then proclaim, We'll dare and do
The will of God who dwells above
And rules this world with boundless love.





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